High Power/Low Budget
Allen Ginsberg
Skinny Puppy

DISCORDER

JUNE 1985 A guide to CITR FM 102 cable 100 NO CENTS

Ministry – The Nature of Love
– All Day
(Two dance-oriented 12" singles available exclusively through Odyssey)
Metallica – Whiplash
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(Two limited edition EP's from two of the heaviest metal acts)
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Frank Zappa – Thing-Fish
Bill Nelson – Trial by Intimacy
(Frank's new three album box set and a four album collection of unreleased material from Mr. Nelson)
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June 1985
Vol. 3 No. 5

DISCORDER

A • G U I D E • T O • C I T R
FM 102 cable 100

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AirHead

c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Dear Airhead,

The May issue of DISCORDER is blatantly sexist. It is easy to understand why so few women choose to associate themselves with DISCORDER. Obviously anything written by a woman doesn't have a chance of being published unless it is totally male-oriented. You people need to make a lot of changes before you can expect many women to choose to work with you. The fear of feminization permeates nearly every DISCORDER article, record review, and cartoon. The message that comes through is that you don't want women in your boys' club; especially not women with opinions that don't conform to male standards. You have a long way to go.

D. Routsis

I find myself, almost invariably, at a loss to understand why we receive so many letters that accuse DISCORDER (and CITR) of sexism? The shrill tenor of these condemning accusations leads my poor male ego-choked brain to conclude that there is something about DISCORDER that continues to offend the sensibilities of some of our female readers. I have a supremely intuitive mind, you see. Unfortunately, it hasn't helped me in my efforts to muddle through the exaggerated rhetoric to isolate the specifics of these oft-repeated charges. I have failed, not because I am thicker than the average cock-swinging dunderhead, but because there are no specifics. In case you'd forgotten, it is customary to substantiate accusations with facts. So for the last time, put up or shut up. Your credibility is at stake.

Dear Airhead,

Hi. I can't listen to CITR yet. I live in Kerrisdale. I'm getting p.o.'d. I miss it. I don't know what any of the big hits in alternative radio are right now. I'm geting very restless. Please get your act together. Either go back to mono, or get more power. Whatever—but I'm getting sick—I've been listening to LG73! Help me please.

Mildew

Dear Airhead,

Re: World's Toughest Milkman—Dave Boswell (May, 1985)

Please tell me where I can find a copy of the book. If not possible now, where will I be able to purchase it after it is reprinted?

Thanks!

Mark Reed

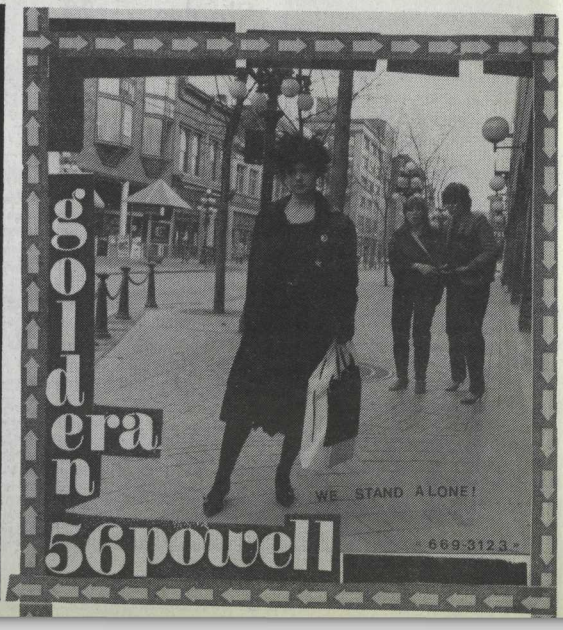
MacLeod's Books on West Pender and Seymour.

Dear Airhead

I thought CITR had gotten as bad as it could get. But no. . . now you bless us with a Heavy Metal show. How much worse can it get? Only the CITR music programmers know for sure. CITR has incredible potential. Stop pissing it down the drain.

Hanna K.

You're absolutely right. We've decided to bottle it instead.



A bad haircut can make anyone look dumb.

Look sharp at the POINTE!

High Power On A Low Budget

The wheels are in motion; CITR has applied to the CRTC for a high power licence to increase our broadcasted signal strength from a lowly 49 watts to a whopping 4900. We have found that our present signal is too weak to be picked up in most areas of Vancouver. With the anticipated power increase, our signal would be received by listeners all over Greater Vancouver—even in deepest, darkest Burnaby! However, going high power requires a great deal of money and public support, so we thought—hey, why don't we put on a two-week high power/low budget benefit concert series at the Savoy? For a low-low cover charge of $2.00, we could supplement our own, shall we say, inadequate funding for a new high power transmitter! We could increase public awareness and support for this noble cause via direct assault on a captive Savoy audience! Finally, we would continue our pledge to expose Vancouverites to the incredible wealth of starving musical talent available in our very own city! Anyways, 'nuff said—the rest is history. Here's what happened...

Monday, May 6 - Week I
Go Four 3
No Fun
Out Of Proportion

Opening night of the concert series. All three CITR representatives present bursting with pride—silent, yet confident, as Out Of Proportion leapt onto stage. A former Shindig semi-finalist, Out Of Proportion have tightened up their usual rough-edged sound and become much more melodic, if not a little slower. Lead singer Mina continues to improve.

No Fun were lots of fun, playing a great set. Appearing as a duo, No Fun initially sound sparse—something is missing—but their bright sense of humour, "greatest hits" repertoire and create-a-song-as-you-go-along flash card routine easily made up for the lacking full sound. Especially memorable was the altered version of "Be Like Us," which differed greatly from the one played recently at the Town Pump. Keep things clean uptown, David...

Go Four 3 gave another consistent performance, much to the delight of the assembled crowd. An encore of Sweeney Todd's "Roxy Roller" had everyone on their feet screaming for more. Go Four 3 tends to sound a lot better in small clubs than on large stages, so next time they're in your local pub, check them out . . .

Tuesday, May 7
A Cast Of Thousands
Ominsquid
Perfect Circle

Tuesday night opened with the new band in town—Omnisquid. "New" is the key word here—the band had only practiced together for three days before this, their first-ever live appearance. They were great! Sounding (and looking) a little like Ian Dury playing B-52 covers (New Order covering Oingo-Boingo?—Thanks M.S.), Omnisquid hopped and pogoed their way through an entertainingly sloppy 45-minute set which included a rough "play along with Bach" piece greatly appreciated by the small but enthusiastic audience. Definitely a band to watch for, if they ever find practice space and living accommodations (the lead singer currently lives in a tent on Goat Mountain).

A Cast Of Thousands were up next—a surprise move, as I had anticipated them playing last . . . oh well. The band delivered a very tight set of synth-pop to a complacent audience. Perhaps "tight" is the best way to describe this band—they have a "tight" sound and a "tight" visual performance—very safe. I kept wishing that they would "loosen" up a bit and try to be a bit more fun, but to no avail . . .

Perfect Circle rounded out the night (sorry), but unfortunately a large portion of the audience had already left. A good young band with a rich, "nice" sound somewhere between REM and Grapes of Wrath.

Wednesday, May 8
Shanghai Dog
Bill of Rights
NG3

Hardcore night! Unfortunately, Death Sentence was unable to play, as previously advertised. I was hoping that their first return to the Savoy since the now-legendary Shindig Riots of '85 would be characterized by the Revenge of the M.C.s . . . too bad—would have made a great screenplay.

I squeezed my way through the inevitable line-up just before former Shindig finalists NG3 took to the stage. NG3 were at their best, opting to group their set into four-song bunches in an effort to avoid the let's-drink-a-beer-and-tune-up-between-every-song syndrome that so many bands succumb to. Take note—as a result, NG3 delivered one of the fastest and tightest sets I have ever seen them play.

Bill of Rights were up next, and were possibly inspired by both NG3's performance and the rabid . . . uh, enthusiastic crowd, as they played a great set as well. And then came Shanghai Dog . . . I don't think I have ever seen Shanghai Dog give a bad show. They were fantastic, returning with "Clanging Bell" for an encore. Perhaps the only incident which marred an otherwise superb night was the mysterious disappearance of an antique vanity from the women's washroom. A part of Savoy history, this piece of furniture is large, heavy, and extremely visible. Surely, someone saw it carried out . . .

Thursday, May 9
Dilettantes
My Three Sons
Dead Cats

Last night of week one! The Dead Cats opened, and Cramps fans, here is a band to check out! A four-piece, the Dead Cats possess a great sense of humour, playing minimalist, slightly off-key music with a rockabilly twang.

My Three Sons were up next, and proved that they still have the ability to get people up on the dance floor. Fronted by the amazing Little Stevie Richards (the Face of the '80s) and supported by the leggy Prince Georgettes, My Three Sons hammered out that garage-rock sound unattainable without days of practice and serious drug problems.

Dilettantes rounded out the night, refusing to let people off the dance floor. With saxman extraordinaire Paul McKenzie, the Dilettantes have also obtained that fun 'n sloppy garage band sound previously mastered only by My Three Sons. A thoroughly enjoyable night, as testified to by those who kept dancing and shouting for more all night long.

Monday, May 3 - Week II
Chris Houston
Herald Nix
The Rockin' Fools

Rockabilly night! First up was The Rockin' Fools, an excellent three-piece featuring stand-up bass, and rubberman drummer Andy Graffiti. As anticipated, the Rockin' Fools pumped out an ener-

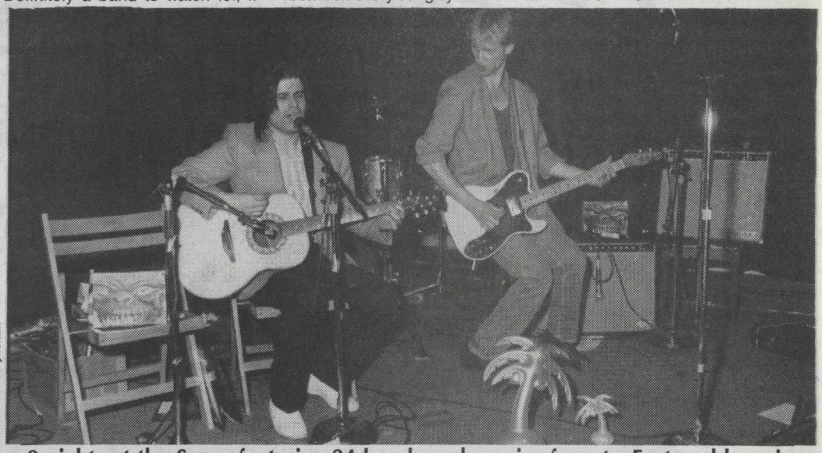


Photo Dave Jacklin

8 nights at the Savoy featuring 24 bands and a pair of poets. Featured here is No Fun, who played Monday, May 6 with Out of Proportion and Go Four 3.

getic dance set to a continually growing audience. Watch for their album—soon to be released.

Herald Nix played an abbreviated set which included rockabilly, C&W, and gospel tunes.

People coming specifically to see Herald Nix and The Rockin' Fools were no doubt terrified by the warped, Elvis-oriented philosophical ravings of Chris Houston. The man whose greatest claim to fame is writing "Surfin' On Heroin" was backed up by Toronto's Rock Angels and played a brilliant eclectic set, which served to either entertain or offend all present. Most of the audience had unfortunately gone home long before his final soul salvation sermon, read at random from the sacred Book of Elvis. Chris Houston is also from Toronto, but will be playing in Vancouver for the next month. If you're brave, go see him—it's worth it.

Tuesday, May 14
An Evening of Eclectic, Esoteric Music

An evening of eclectic, esoteric music? Oh no! What does this mean? Those brave souls who ventured in discovered an unusual evening c/o CITR's own industrial madman, Mark Mushet. First up was Alex Varty, who played guitar with various effects and toys. The sparse crowd present responded well, especially when the amp was turned way up. Clemons Rettich then played "Getting In" from the "Fine Tendons" tape series before reciting "Furious Boys" while being pushed around the Savoy. Bob 'Fish' Herring read his eternal masterpiece "Kerouac Was A Mama's Boy" and Paul Dolden played several tapes of electro-accoustic music previously unheard in Vancouver clubs. For those with eardrums still functioning, Joyce Hamilton read poetry, leaving the ever-present Chris Houston to finish the night. Definitely an interesting night —not the usual club fare.

Wednesday, May 15
Poisoned
Brilliant Orange
The Zamboni Drivers

This night was probably the best-attended of the entire concert series. After being incorrectly introduced as Brilliant Orange by a drug-addled M.C., the Zamboni Drivers made a successful live stage debut. Utilizing the Zulu Connection (Don and Dale), the Zambonis pumped out a mixture of originals and covers to a pleased audience.

Brilliant Orange played next (only their second live performance) and certainly lived up to the #1 position they currently hold on CITR's playlist. Go see this band—they're great.

And then came the old Pros... Poisoned was definitely the band people were waiting for. Screams were heard at the mention of Art Bergmann's name... You are among friends, guys. Riding high on the recent release of their new EP, the band played two sets with a freshness and vitality I have not experienced at a Poisoned concert in recent memory. The audience apparently agreed, as the dance floor was packed all night long. Great show.

Thursday, May 16
NoMeansNo
Slow
AKOB

Whew! Last night! Expecting to be busy with the shitty job of ejecting underage Slow fans, I dragged myself down to the Savoy one last time. AKOB (Another Kind Of Blues) opened with a muddy but energetic set featuring material just released on demo tape and charted on CITR's playlist. The audience was unmoved, perhaps anticipating the arrival of Slow.

Slow came out on fire, appearing on the stage, on chairs, on tables, on people...in fact, leaping on anything accessible. The band lived up to the wealth of positive publicity they have received of late, knocking out favourites "Black is Black" and "I Broke the Circle." If you haven't yet seen Slow, do...but for your own safety, sit just out of reach of their guitar cords.

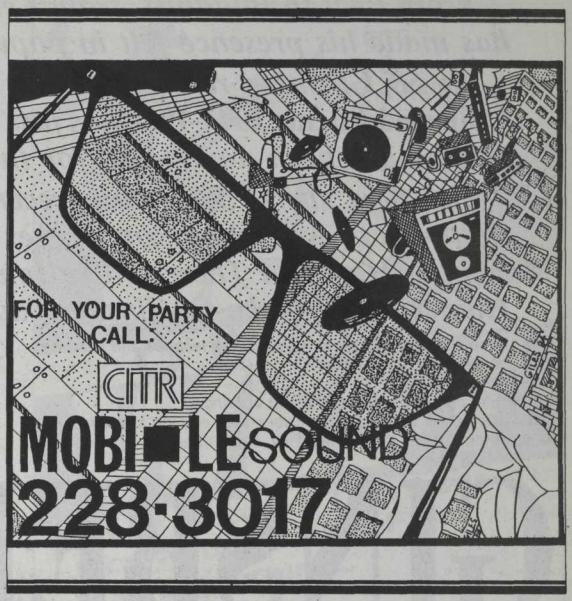
NoMeansNo finished the night with a fantastic performance—my ears are still ringing! I am continually amazed by the sheer depth of sound NoMeansNo manages to project with only one voice, bass and drums in use for most of the set. A truly unique experience. I personally plan on seeing this band as often as I can...you dig, man? Except for one ugly incident involving everyone's favourite neo-Nazi gang, NoMeansNo completed an extremely successful night, week, and series.

Well, it's all over now, but our struggle to obtain a high power licence continues. If you see a petition and haven't yet signed it, please do or better yet write:

Fernand Belisle
Secretary General
CRTC
100 Metcalfe Street
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0N2
Re: **Application #851106500**
and express your support.

CITR would like to thank all the bands who participated, donating their time and effort, Janet Forsythe and the Savoy, those who worked on presenting the concert series, those who supported us with their attendance and signatures, and all the skinheads who ignored us and stayed home.

—J. Scott



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Wednesday, June 26
Zulu Recording Artists
THE ENIGMAS
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From Beat to Buddhist, from Kerouac to the Clash, Allen Ginsberg has made his presence felt in popular culture over the last 30 years.

At 58 Ginsberg remains active, and as controversial as ever. His* Collected Poems 1947-1980 *has just been published by Harper and Row, and he has been nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

Ginsberg visited Vancouver recently to give a reading and to teach a poetics workshop on Cortez Island. CITR's Paris Simons (Of Neither Here Nor There), Mike Johal (from Propaganda), and Jeremy Hainesworth spoke to Ginsberg during his visit.

GINSBERG

D: *You've been doing a lot of readings and lectures and teaching. Do you still have time to work?*
AG: Oh yes.
D: *You're not interrupted by the rest of living.*
AG: No, I don't worry about it. I've written enough anyways, but I keep writing more. I've written a lot, since I had this big book of collected poems out—that covered only from 1947 to 1980. So I always write something. I don't know if it's any good or not. If it's still interesting, you can type it up.
D: *Do you have a work pattern?*
AG: No, no, no, I never know what's going to happen. When I wake up, and have the energy, and think of something interesting to write down, I'll write it down. But it needs the energy: I can't be sleepy, or it can't be too much trouble. Though, I often wake up in the middle of the night to write down a dream, make that effort to get out of my somnambulence. Seem to write those easier. Hardest thing is to describe what goes on in front of you, or make a description out the window. Just waking up to where you are and finding details.

D: *You commented that you think you've written enough. Why?*
AG: By enough I mean I think I've written about as much as anybody would want to read. I guess ideally you should write more than a sane person would want to read over the period of a couple years. And I think I've already gotten past that limit. I mean, I'm writing just to add to the plot, the story, or whenever I think of something to write, whenever I get inspired.

> I'm a little more slothful, pot-bellied, less energetic than when I was young. . . Not less passionate. . . Still jack off, so I must feel something.

D: *Do you feel your attitudes have changed in terms of what your general attack is?*
AG: I don't think so, not that much. I'm a little more slothful, pot-bellied, less energetic than when I was young, but I'm also more free of. . .less abstract. And not less passionate, because I still feel passion. Still jack off, so I must feel something. So I still feel energy, sexual energy, and pleasure energy. Occasionally, I get that into writing.
D: *What about your social view or the social concerns of your writing?*
AG: Slightly changed, not too much. Several things are obvious: that authoritarianism is a drag, although it may be, in Plato's "Republic" and other utopian systems, even practical if you were to have a real philosopher king, trained from age two, like the Tibetans train their Lamas. That might be a workable system.
D: *Still, there would be no artists.*
AG: Then the Lama is the artist. They're trained in calligraphy, and painting, and dance, and speech, and poetry, and in the spontaneous utterance of poetry. That's pretty good, if you have that training from childhood on. Spontaneous mind, and no mind, and there might be an interesting mandala principle.

The second thing is that the mandala principle of the cult of personality does not work well without training. As with Stalin, or Mao, or Castro who were not the most highly trained, it's open to lots of problems. On the other hand, you find here, in the non-Marxist world of the conservatives, who don't like Communism

because it has bureaucracy, and authoritarianism, and who think it's the nexus of evil, themselves aggregate power to themselves in the same cult of personality: like Reagan, Thatcher and Bennett here. It's a cult of personality in the sense of contradicting their own original premise of dismantling Big Government and getting government out of our lives; instead they're dismantling small government and aggregating: Thatcher trying to abolish the Greater London Council and take all the powers to the centre, and, apparently, the same thing going on in this province.

Really a politicization of the government in the sense of centralization, and authoritarianization, and generally accomplished by the means of insults.

And there's the beginning of censorship again starting, with the Moral Majority assuming that they're speaking for the voice of God, and taking on the chutzpah of Jehovah, and setting themselves as the mouthpiece of the divine, according to the particular mania. They want to tell you what you can read, and what you can teach, and what you can read about sex.

If the government is not artistic, it is not a success

D: *It's obvious that you don't agree with the idea of censorship. Do you feel any compuctions in terms of the arguments that pornography will lead to sexual offences. Do you think any of that concern is valid?*

AG: It's valid, it might lead to sexual offences, but in that case you'd have to start censoring television, because the average kid sees the average of 12,000 murders on television before the age of 13. So where are you going to stop? Maybe you should censor Reagan's speeches. I think those cause brain damage, or somebodies' speeches. Commercial television, tobacco, alcohol are all causing damage.

So I don't know where you can draw the line on speech. Apparently it's best to have no censorship, because once you admit some, everyone's got an absolute reason. The Mohammedan's have an absolute reason, the Christians have an absolute reason, so all the religions, except maybe Buddhism, have an absolute reason. Stalin had an absolute reason, Mao had an absolute reason. So everyone's got an absolute reason, and they quibble about their absolute reasons and they get mad at each other, sometimes they kill each other, or they want each other to shut up. So how do you live and let live?

The better view would be to notice the aesthetics of porn. Most of the city megalopolitan erotic material is manufactured and distributed by means of insults, and contempt, and image-industry. So it might be useful to break up their monopoly, and contempt, and image-making, and by intolerance, just like Stalinist intolerance in a way. So where do you finish with all the authoritarian theism? How to get out of that, I think, is through clarity, a recognition of the pattern, a personal clarity that may override the mechanical imprint of a fuzzed image, the confusing image of authoritarian rightness with no contradictions. 'Cause you don't see the contradictions pointed out to the press. You see the contradictions of the Left pointed out, but you don't see the contradictions of the Right pointed out so boldly, as if the Left's contradictions are worse and more bloody.

D: *Now where would you say art and poetry are going to fit into this society?*

AG: If the government is not artistic it is not a success. The government is of words; who said that? William Carlos Williams. Ultimately whose word lasts longest, whose word prevails. That is where the poet, representing the solitary individual, speaking for himself, and only for himself, subjectively, can speak for the entire nation, all of whom are similarly subject: including the presidents and premiers, who are also subjects. So it's all subjective in that way.

D: *What about other things that are affecting the artist within a society, like censorship, either from government or groups of people?*

AG: We did really get rid of censorship between the years of 1958 and 1962 in the United States. In the mid-50s and early 60s there was quite a bit of censorship. I'm talking about New York, a megalopolitan centre of the production of arts. There were a series of trials. "Howl" was tried in San Francisco, and won on the basis of social critique in the poem. And there were a series of trials where Grove Press defended the publication of *Lady*

cont. ►

CITR
&
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presents

BEST OF THE WEST

Every Second Thursday in June at the Luv•A•Fair, 1235 Seymour St.

JUNE 13th
San Francisco Showcase
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with special guests
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JUNE 27th
Animal Slaves
with special guests
Bob's Your Uncle

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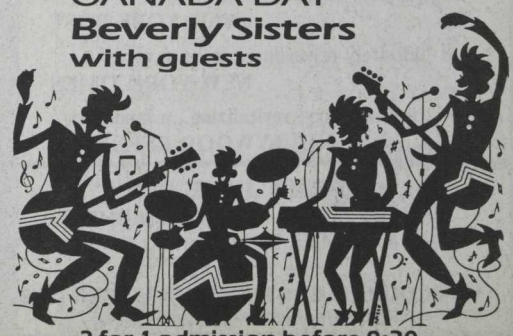
with guests



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Chatterly's Lover, by D.H. Lawrence, Henry Miller's *Topic of Cancer* and *Capricorn. The Diaries of Frank Harris*. . . *Naked Lunch* finally at the end, so Burroughs was the last major American classic to go on trial.

There is a group of feminists who are up against porn, but I think that they're seeing the red flag and not the toreador.

D: *It is still a tough issue.*

AG: I like child porn myself; no accounting for taste. Not young child porn—13, 14, 15. They used to have great child porn from North Africa: photographs by Pierre Lotie, Andre Gide and all the writers of the Yellow Decades, 1890 to 1910, in North Africa, Algeria. Great photographs, everybody having a good time. That was part of my education, my sophisticated upbringing when I was twenty.

They ought to show those in schools. 'Cause kids get to see porn all the time; they might as well get to see some great artistic stuff, where it's some sort of Edward Carpenter, Walt Whitman, Andre Gide human liberation rather than commerce.

. . . the consciousness is a sort of gnostic, humourous awareness that the laws are provincial; sacred, but like all things sacred, human.

D: *I believe it was Abby Hoffman who said that colleges have become a hotbed of social rest. How do you feel about that?*

AG: He probably said that about a year or two ago. In the spring of 1985, there was an outbreak of social activism—sixties' style—except much more gentle, and more generous, and more balanced and better organized, avoiding a lot of the aggression of the sixties, and the paranoia.

D: *So it's an approach that's not so much an affront to society.*

AG: Well, it was never intended to be an affront to society. It was intended to be an education to society.

There were large-scale sit-ins at Columbia University that went on for several weeks, and may still be going on. And that was a protest over Columbia's investment in South Africa. There was the same sort of thing going on in Berkeley. There was a big tear-gassing at Berkeley; the typical California police reaction to what I'm sure was a relatively stable student protest group. At Brown University there were a number of arrests, and I was arrested with 477 students at Colorado University in Boulder, somewhere around April 18th. That was a protest, as at Brown, over C.I.A. recruiters going onto the campusses and trying to seduce young kids into the secret cult of the C.I.A., and so we tried to make citizens' arrests of the recruiters. In my case, my arrest was on the grounds of dope-peddling and murder within the C.I.A. The murder was the murder of Orlando Letellier (a Chilean diplomat killed in Washington in the early 1970s), and there was a judge's decision that the C.I.A. was involved with that. And the dope-peddling was an old story, as far back as the forties, of C.I.A. involvement with opium traffickers in the Mediterranean and Indo-China.

D: *You did a song with the Clash on their last album. What do you think of the punk movement? I read somewhere that you saw it as a descendant of the Beat movement.*

AG: But in that context I was saying that the Beat movement was the descendant of the Bohemian movement. You know, bohemian literati, bohemian amusements, bohemian making love with your eyes open, bohemian sniffing glue, smoking grass, hash. It goes back to Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Van Gogh and Gaugin living together, and Rimbaud and Verlaine goofing around, and the Dadaists and the Futurists, and Pound and Williams, and the Modernists; successive waves of literary exploration that leads into Kerouac and Burroughs.

D: *So a flow of consciousness across time.*

AG: And the consciousness is a sort of gnostic, humourous awareness that the laws are provincial; sacred, but like all things sacred, human, so therefore to be taken like you'd take a friend rather than like you'd take a god. And that laws are generalizations, and that individual cases are particular, and that you have to react to every event directly, rather than through the intermediary of generalization and abstraction, that ethics have to come from the heart rather than a bunch of boy scout rules, and that the heart and sacred world are primary. And the attitude of sacred world is the

continuum of consciousness: the sacramental sense of washing the dishes, putting on your shoes, dressing up, meeting your friends, rather than the careless, indifferent, desensitized.

That would lead up to the extravagant punk stylistics as being kind of sacramental dress; disturbing to the social status quo aesthetic but, on the other hand, assertion of another futuristic aesthetic. Sort of a negative protest against conformity, but also a postitive assertion of an aesthetic gloriousness, or grandeur, or imaginativeness. An extravagant imagination, andthat's a positive thing. And mixed with aggression and rejection, and anger. But the positive aspect is the assertion of individual imagination in dress, and speech, and music. Something beyond the military-industrial hyper-economy.

D: *So how do you look back on the dabbling you did with the Clash?*

AG: Simply a rapport between generations. Mick Jones is a very good musician. And Joe Strummer is an intelligent poet. He asked me to work the lyrics of several songs—"Death is a Star," "Car Jam," and they asked me to get on the microphone and make up my own verses on "Ghetto Defendant"—just to make it more particular, along the lines of William Carlos Williams and Blake's notion of "no ideas but in things"—minute particulars.

D: *Of the pop bands at the moment, are there any, in particular, that you feel have anything really important to say?*

AG: I don't know many bands of the last couple years, just the Clash. I've heard Black Flag—that was amusing, energetic—bands like X, the Dead Kennedys. Met Sting a couple of years ago, at Burroughs' birthday—might do something with him sooner or later.

D: *With that albeit brief connection with popular music, you may have gained a new audience. What do you feel is your audience today? Is it the audience of the 1960s grown older, or is it a new audience?*

AG: Oh, it's about 30 million young Chinese kids.

D: *He said facetiously.*

AG: I don't talk facetiously. Gary Snider and I are the best-known Western poets in China. Most of the young intelligentsia is learning English and in their official anthologies they have fifty pages of *On The Road.* "Howl" has been translated and they interpret that as a reference to their own trials and tribulations during the Cultural Revolution.

After time has washed away all the debris, just the artwork remains... The artwork will outlast all the social blather that went around it.

D: *It would seem you regard them in more seriousness than you do your Western audience.*

AG: No, I was just trying to point out that the question was limited by reference points that aren't as interesting as the actual situation.

I don't actually calculate my audience, because I'm mostly trying to figure out what I'm thinking when I write. The trick is not exactly to ignore the audience, but to get to a deeper level than being worried about what somebody else will hear. I'm worried about what I hear. That's where the interesting poetry comes from. Yeats had a phrase—"Prose is made from quarrels with others; poetry from quarrels with ourselves."

D: *Do you think your rising visibility right now is going to foster an interest in works, not necessarily of the Beat movement, but works of that genre?*

AG: There's always been an interest in that. Every time I go out in some cycle of activity, I'm asked the same question. Ten years ago it was the same question. It's probably surfacing more on an official level now, because now all of Kerouac is in print, all of Burroughs is getting together in print, all of my work is in print in a uniform edition.

So the materials are there for people to read. And also the immediate onslaught of negative, Frankenstein imagery, scattered by lesser writers—writers who weren't as good as Burroughs or Kerouac but who wrote about them, or made movies about them—has dissipated. So all that's left standing are the structures of work that they made—the poems, the prose, even the essays. After time has washed away all the debris, just the artwork remains, and that was the speciality—the artwork. The artwork will outlast all the social blather that went around it.

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Walking the Dog

Dave Watson gets the scoop on Skinny Puppy

There is something odd about the name Skinny Puppy. Just the words themselves are odd, mixing an adjective and a noun like that. The two words seem to have a complementary rhythm as you say them. Maybe the oddness comes from the phonetics of the words. I'm not sure what it is, but I do know that everyone I said the name to reacted by repeating it several times, often with a tone of disbelief. An uncommon name like Skinny Puppy deserves a far from ordinary band, and the two seem to have found each other here in Vancouver.

Skinny Puppy began around two years ago as a collaboration between a pair of Kevins. One was NIVEK OGRE (Kevin Ogilvie), who had just undergone a rough period in life and took up the synthesizer as therapy and a release of aggression. The other Kevin, cEVIN KEY, joined Ogre in a series of late night parties/practices known as Braps, along with an old friend from Austria, Bill Leeb. This other Kevin was, and is, a member of another local synth group whose record label legally holds all rights to the use of his name. I can't name the band either but if you read the Roman numeral seven backwards you'll have a good idea of their identity.

The influences which helped form Skinny Puppy's sound were the British 'Wild Planet' bands like Portion Control, Legendary Pink Dots and Chris Carter. NIVEK and cEVIN wrote several songs, which Nettwerk Productions released as a six-song EP, produced by KEY and David Ogilvie. NIVEK and cEVIN performed everything on the album except a bass guitar track on "Glass Houses", contributed by Dale Pleven.

The themes of Skinny Puppy's lyrics deal with despair, hatred, depression and Durkheimian Anomie.

Withered rope/You hang what's empty
Can't remain/To put it simply
In time cry the hollow words/
to sing with false disguise
Smothered hope/fly from sorrow
For a new divine tomorrow
I just don't want to know anymore.
—from "Smothered Hope"

As you can see, pretty gloomy stuff. The lyrics are sung over a background of heavy industrial-urban music, harsh waves of sound electronically altered to produce an otherworldy effect. Tape loops of screaming and dialogue appear and reverberate out again. Death imagery abounds, indicating a relationship to L.A.'s death rock scene, although Skinny Puppy are thankfully not as hardcore.

Now, I don't like most synth bands. Many are wimpy, bland and repetitive. Let's not forget cold and emotionless as well. Skinny Puppy managed to escape most of these faults, although I find repetitive bits scattered throughout their material. A cold, electronic sound is seemingly unavoidable in synth bands, but it aids Skinny Puppy by adding to their mutant alien ambience. Other factors saving the band from Dave's Pit of Electronic Mediocrity are: a.) Key's drumming (excuse me, rhythm programming) and b.) a certain amount of layering and studio complexity which creates depth (in fact, you have to listen dozens of times just to decipher the singing, which, like most of their equipment, is channelled through digital delays). My initial impression of Skinny Puppy was that they didn't sound like anything I'm used to calling music. A few listens enabled me to appreciate them more, particularly for the effect and rhythm of the lyrics within the songs. I still hold a few reservations about this type of music, probably because once you get into it you could never be happy listening to Chuck Berry again, which is not an appealing thought. Skinny Puppy are very much a part of a disaffected subculture springing up in major North American cities.

By combining tapes and live performances Skinny Puppy are able to duplicate their material onstage. Approximately $15,000 in equipment is set up in the midst of a set decorated in skulls, iron fencing and a welded rack of unusual percussive instruments. Skulls are hurled as slides of dismembered dolls and meat are projected on a scrim (do I detect a Beatles influence?). One show culminated in the frenzied destruction of a dummy with a cleaver. A certain amount of negative reaction was received, causing Ogre to feel his display of fantasy violence was misinterpreted by people who prefer the desensitizing violence of television over its reality. The visual image of their shows betrays the influence of weekend horror movie binges, as well as David Lynch's *Eraserhead* and *A Clockwork Orange*.

The band received a good initial response locally to their EP (now in its fourth pressing). A cassette release of the album with four bonus tracks (three featuring Bill Leeb on bass synth) is now out and both the EP and tape are slated for release by Play It Again Sam, a Belgium record company with large promotional influence in continental Europe and Japan. Red Rhino, part of the Cartel label is handling the release in Britain. This signing opens up a lot of possibilities for the band, since Europe contains the largest market for decadent urban music, probably because they've been decaying for longer than us over here in the New World.

Another album, which will probably be 12 tracks long, has been recorded and will be released at the end of summer. A new, more natural sounding drum machine is used and further progression is expected as the relationships within the band tighten.

Skinny Puppy promise another local show before a tentatively planned West Coast tour. If the European market is receptive an overseas tour will follow. The smart money says they'll do well.

—Dave Watson

Photo Kevin

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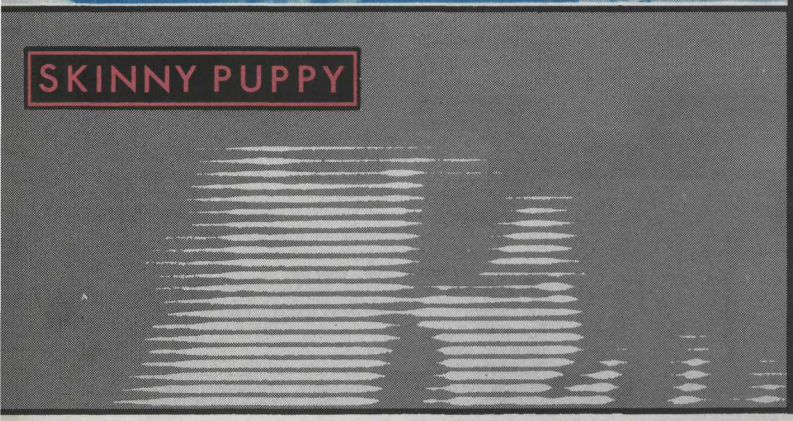

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PROGRAM

WEEKDAY PROGRAMMING

Program titles in boldface have descriptions below schedule.

7:30 am	Sign-on
	Isomatrix (Monday)
8:00 am	Wake-Up Report—news, sports and weather.
10:00 am	Morning Magazine (Tuesday to Friday).
	10:00-10:10 Breakfast Report—news, sports and weather.
	10:10 **Generic Review**
	10:25 *Insight editorial feature
	10:40-11:20 ***Public Affairs**
1:00 pm	Lunch Report—news, sports and weather.
2:30 pm	**Skipping Out**
4:30 pm	Afternoon Sportsbreak
4:35 pm	**Party With Me Punker** (Wednesday)
5:00 pm	**Powerchord** (Tuesday)
6:00 pm	Dinner Magazine
	6:00-6:10 Dinner Report—news, sports and weather
	6:10 **Generic Review**
	6:13 *Insite
	6:22-6:35 Daily feature: comedy, poetry, UBC issues and lots more
8:00 pm	**High Profile**—Music feature.
9:00 pm	**Jazz Show** (Monday)
	***Where The Action Is** (Wednesday)
11:00 pm	**Random Cacophony** (Tuesday)
	Mel Brewer Presents (Thursday)
4:00 am	Sign-off

WEEKDAY PROGRAMMING HIGHLIGHTS

AN ASTERISK BESIDE THE NAME OF A SHOW INDICATES COMMUNITY-ACCESS PROGRAMMING. IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA FOR ANY OF THESE PROGRAMS OR WOULD LIKE TO PARTICIPATE, PLEASE DROP US A LINE.

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The Monday Morning Magazine Show
Monday, 7:30 - 10:30 am
Prime-time Monday Culture starting your day and week off. Focusing on the issues as they come and go AND sometimes live poetry readings of original work. Rush Hour RadioCine at its best, every Monday Morning. Producer: Esi Zarmis; Production Assistant: Patrice Leslie

The Jazz Show
Monday, 9:00 pm - 12:30 am
Vancouver's longest-running prime time jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. This month's 11 o'clock features:

June 03 Ray Charles at the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival. Ray Charles and his band plus the Raylettes at their very best.

June 10 The Kennedy Dream. "A Musicial Tribute to John Fitzgerals Kennedy" composed and conducted by Oliver Nelson. Oliver Nelson and his Orchestra featuring Phil Woods.

June 17 A North American Debut. A recently discovered recording by Miles Davis. Miles Davis (1957) leading Europeans Barney Wilen (tenor saxophone), Rene Urtreger (piano), Pierre Michelot (bass), Kenny Clarke (drums). Miles In Amsterdam. (Recording not available in North America.)

June 24 Charlie Parker at Carnegie Hall...Dec. 25, 1949. An historic recording (very rare) featuring Bird and his working band: Red Rodney (trumpet), Al Haig (piano), Tommy Potter (bass), Roy Haynes (drums) plus other selections from the Concert with Miles Davis, Bud Powell, Lennie Tristono, Sara Vaughan, etc.

Tuesday Morning Magazine & Dinner Magazine
Tuesday, 10:00 - 11:00 am & 6:00 - 6:40 pm
News, Sports, Editorials, Reviews, and Special Features highlight these two new magazine shows.

***Public Affairs**
Tues. - Fri., 10:40 - 11:10 am
Two 15-minute features each day, presented by groups such as Students for a Democratic University, Students for Peace and Mutual Disarmament, Amnesty International, and by CITR independent producers.

Skipping Out
Tuesday & Thursday, 2:30 pm
Lectures that you were too lazy to sit through yourself, from UBC and around Vancouver, presented in their entirety.

Powerchord
Tuesday, 5:00 - 6:00 pm
Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal—local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, with weekly album give-aways.

Random Cacophony
Tuesday, 11:00 pm - 1:00 am
The second radio show in the history of civilization dedicated to solving all of the world's problems.

Play Loud
Wednesdays 1 am-4 am/Late night Tuesday
. . .dedicated to the creation of most of the world's problems. The final word in musical pleasure through pain. Music especially designed for headphone listening or (alternatively) for killing your houseplants. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

Wednesday Morning Magazine
Alternate Weeks, Wednesday, 10:00 - 10:30 am
A hard-hitting, special show that includes News, Sports and Features by "Franco" Janusz.

Party With Me Punker
Wednesday, 4:35 - 5:30 pm
A solid hour of 100% punk tunes, live cuts and info from the earliest punk to the latest hardcore. With host Mike Dennis.

Just Like Women
Wednesday, 6:20 - 7:30 pm
A new magazine show covering a wide range of topics on Women's issues. Hosted by Anne Pollock.

The Knight After
Late Night Wednesday
Music to clobber yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with European and American alternative stations—and on the first late night Saturday of every month "Music from the Tar Pits" in collaboration with Random Cacophony and Tunes 'R' Us—The dinosaurs come back to haunt us—Beware! This show will miss up your hair...

Thursday and Friday Magazines
Thursday and Friday, 6:00 - 6:40 pm
Dinner Magazine shows featuring News, Sports, Insights, Generic Review, and topped off with interviews and editorials.

Top of the Bops
Thursday, 8:00 - 9:00 pm
Top of the Bops approaches rock'n'roll from the broader perspective of its roots in country, country swing, rockabilly as well as rhythm'n'blues, jump blues and doo wop.It revolves around the lives and music of the "stars", and, more importantly, some of the lesser known figures of that time, occasionally focussing on one particular artist, label, region or theme.

Mel Brewer Presents
Thursday, 11:00 pm - midnight
CITR's resident nice guy, Jason Grant, delivers the scoop on the local music scene with the newest demo tapes and record releases, interviews and general chitchat on the state of Vancouver music.

GUIDE

WEEKEND PROGRAMMING

Saturday

7:30 am - noon
The Altered Alternative Show
CITR proudly (hesitantly) presents a record-breaking 4½ hours featuring interviews with local celebrities, man-in-the-street opinions and lots and lots of requests. Rated general.

Noon - 12:08 pm
The Brunch Report - news, sports & weather.

12:08 - 4:00
The Playlist Show
Join CITR's music directors for a taste of the newest and hottest releases from around the city, the country, the continent and the world. CITR's top 40 demo tapes, singles, EPs and LPs are counted down, plus new releases that have just arrived.

4:00 - 6:00 pm
The African Show
A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm.

6:00 - 6:30 pm
Saturday Magazine
News, sports & weather, plus Generic Review, analysis of current affairs and special features.

6:30 - 9:30
Propaganda!
An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, spoken word, Today in History, High Profile, and other features.

9:30 pm - 1:00 am
Pajama Party
Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present the not-so-often-heard aspects of the CITR musical spectrum: ambient music for snoozing, upbeat tunes for making popcorn or pillow fights. At 11:00 pm: CITR's #1 Playlist Album.

1:00 - 4:00 am
Tunes 'R' Us
Lots of Music, a little chit chat and loads of Fun. Handyman Bob, Groove Jumping, and Music from the Tarpits.

Sunday

8:00 - noon
Music of Our Time
20th Century music in the classical tradition, in all styles, media and nationalities. Hosts Lynn Price and Bill Hobden will be profiling the following composers during June:
June 02 Michael Baker, award-winning Vancouver Composer and teacher.
June 09 Philip Glass–opaque or transparent, tune in and decide for yourself.
June 16 Jean Sibelius, Finnish nationalist composer.
June 23 Paul Hindemith, one of the Fathers of new directions in 20th century music.
June 30 Toru Takemitsu, the leading Japanese figure in avant-garde experimentation.

Noon - 12:08 pm
The Brunch Report - news, sports & weather.

12:08 - 3:00 pm
The Rockers Show
Listen to the Rockers Show for the best in Reggae...Music with your host George Family Man Barrett, Jerry the Special Selector, The Major Operator and Collin The Prentice.
June 02 Twinkle Brothers
June 15 Misty in Roots
June 16 B...The Original Heptones
June 30 The Mad Professor Reggae, Dub

3:00 - 4:30 pm
Soul Galore
Focusing on Black-American popular music of the 20th century, this program takes you from the birth of the blues through doo-wop, soul and funk, from Massachusetts to California and everywhere in between.

6:00 - 6:30 pm
Sunday Magazine
See "Saturday Magazine" description for details.

6:30 - 8:00 pm
Neither Here Nor There
Relevance? What Relevance? Music, interviews, comedy, and readings of prose and poetry. Hosted by: Chris Dafoe and Paris Simons.

8:00 - 9:00 pm
Sunday Night Live
Jacques presents your favourite vinyl heroes captured on tape in their truest element–the live performance. Sunday Night Live will bring you this month:
June 02 Psychedelic Furs
June 09 Weather Report–Live in Tokyo
June 16 Skeleton Crew–Live at the Soft Rock
June 23 Peter Gabriel–Rare Live Tracks

9:00 pm - 1:00 am
Fast Forward
Yet another alternative to CITR's general "alternative" sound, Mark Mushet gives you the latest and most exciting in the world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant-garde sound by non-mainstream musicians.

1:00 - 4:00 am
Early Music Show
Ken Jackson presents music from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented at an appropriately early hour. June's features:
June 03 The music of Tallis, vivaldi, Buxtehude, and some Couperin organ music.
June 10 CPE Bach, Jean-Marie Leclair, J.S. Bach, and "The Triumphs of Oriana"
June 17 Josquin Des Pres, Teleman, and a Forte Piano Sonata by Haydn
June 24 Schutz, Couperin, and the Purcell Opera "Dido and Aeneas."

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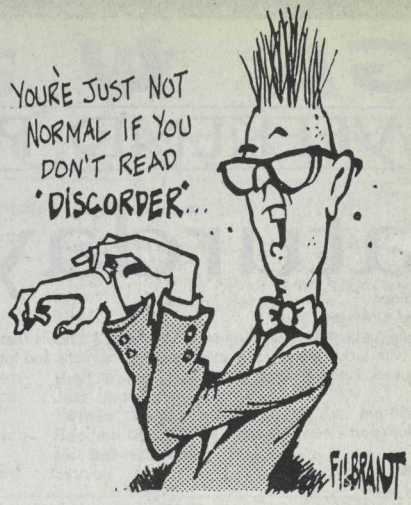

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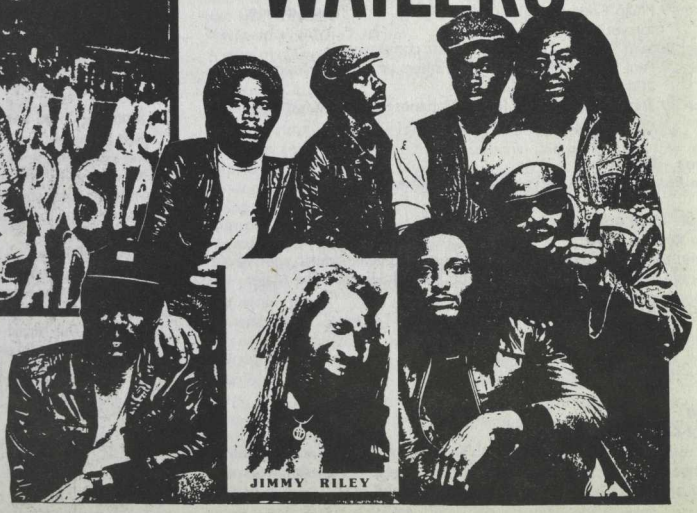
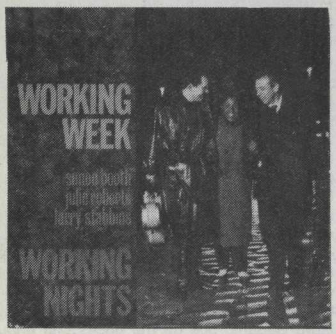


VINYL VERDICT

Working Week



Working Nights

Working Week has emerged from the British music scene as one of the bands involved in a kind of jazz/soul/pop revival that includes Sade, Matt Bianco and others. Matt Bianco has garnered some minor airplay on this side of the Atlantic; and Sade has begun what could be an extremely lucrative breakthrough in the U.S. The North American fate of Working Week remains to be seen, but the band certainly possesses potential for commercial success.

There are few musical styles I dislike more than jazz-pop; the slicker it is, the more nauseating the effect it has upon me. Given this bias, it's not surprising I think the most successful Working Week tunes are those that limit their jazz pretensions, and lean more toward "soul." The highlight of *Working Nights* is the Marvin Gaye-James Nyx tune "Inner City Blues," due to the quality of the song and the avoidance of jazz stylings. Working Week do a commendable version, but part of the praise for this song is because of its superiority to the aural wallpaper that passes for music on much of the album.

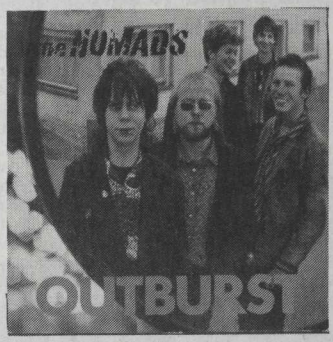
Working Week really consists of two basic entities, vocalist Julie Roberts and musicians-songwriters Larry Stabbins and Simon Booth. Roberts owns an enjoyable voice which is vastly underutilized on the LP. The basic problem for Working Week is that control of the group seems to rest with the musicians. As such, Robert's vocals often take a back seat to the musical tedium of Stabbins and Booth. In every song, except for "Inner City Blues," Stabbins and Booth try their darnedest to turn the band into a cocktail lounge act. As with much of the product of their style, the music of Working Week tends to become suitable only for background sound for a cappuccino bar; easy to sip to, and ignore.

Most of the songs on *Working Nights* are unnecessarily extended. At 6.23 minutes, "Thought I'd Never See You Again" is about 3½ minutes too long; it turns into a lengthy Chuck Mangione-style instrumental—boring. The two minutes of Latin rhythms on "Autumn Boy" are just plain ridiculous and nearly ruin the song. "No Case No Pay" fills out the album as a totally pointless 8-minute instrumental. Do these guys truly enjoy playing this stuff?

Roberts' voice has a certain ethereal quality, and seems to be in the process of development. Her vocals should be the core of the band since the musicians have little of interest to offer. *Working Nights* falls short on "soul" and originality, and is heavy on slickness. Roberts wrote none of the songs on *Working Nights*, which is not necessarily bad, but I would suggest that she try writing some herself. Julie Roberts needs to take greater control within the band, and give Working Week's music a focus and some grit. Failing this, she could always find herself a new band.

—Kevin Smith

The Nomads



Outburst
Homestead (U.S.)

Well, these guys are from Sweden and, boy, do they rock out! Are you kidding? Guys from the land of Abba, the Hep-stars and the Spotnicks going the graverobbing route? Why not; it works. There are several reasons for this.

First reason: singer Nick Vahlberg has a good grasp of idiomatic English, which makes his own lyrics realistic, and means that the multitude of covers he sings don't sound sound ridiculous because of rotten pronunciation (remember Kraftwerk's first forays into English?) or like overprecise renditions of semi-literate songs.

Second reason: The Nomads (Vahlberg, rhythm guitar, vocals; Hans Ostlund, lead guitar; Ed Johnsson, drums; Tony Carlsson, bass; Frank Minarik, farfisa) realize that there are only six chords and eleven riffs in rock and roll, and you only have to use two of them in any one song. Drummer Johnsson also realizes that the cymbals on a drum kit are completely unnecessary: the best back-beat is beating the skins for very life. Needless to say, *Outburst* has The Sound; something gut-grabbing and anus-clenching. For a change, the recording is in a studio, and not in the john of a flophouse, so you can actually appreciate the conspicuous, diligent lack of musicianship.

Third reason: The Nomads' original material is strong and varied, ranging from the two-chord thrasher "Rat Fink A Boo Boo" to the pensiveness of "Where the Wolf Bane Blooms." It's obvious that these guys have been heavily influenced by the Chocolate Watchband, the Cramps, and assorted other grunge-merchants.

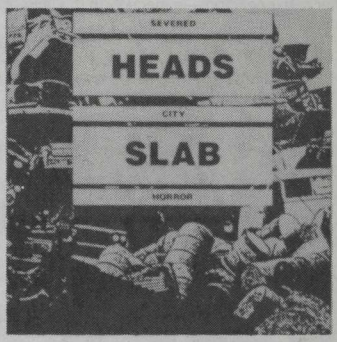
This record is not perfect, and I have a couple of qualifications. First qualification: some of the eight cover versions (out of 12 songs) are stale or pointless (nearly identical to the original). I mean, so many people have done "I'm Not Like Everybody Else" it's not even ironic anymore. Also, their version of "Milkcow Blues" (to be pedantic) is actually the Chocolate Watchband's "I Don't Need Your Lovin' Anymore" (which was a ripoff, but a different song). Against this, some of the covers, like "Don't Tread on Me," are quite good.

Second qualification: it's obvious that lead guitarist Hans Ostlund used to play in a heavy metal band of some sort; his fills are too fancy. He should keep in mind that he's playing over two or three chords (mostly C, F, and G) and restrict himself accordingly: any remaining energy he has can be expended by scraping the strings with his guitar pick.

Judgement: good, if you have enough taste to appreciate garage rock. If not, you probably won't like *Outburst*. But maybe I could interest you in the latest Agnetha single. . . .

—Rob Simms

Severed Heads



City Slab Horror
Ink Records

Many people both in and out of the music industry regard the second album by any recording artist as THE most difficult thing to do. There are good reasons for supporting this view—not the least of which has to do with the old adage about "what do you do for an encore." I don't think it's so much a question of whether or not there is still a wealth of originality to be tapped as it is a question of how you satisfy an almost insatiable public. Speaking for myself, I sometimes feel like a greedy vinyl monster gobbling up and spitting out new records as fast as they go on the turntables—all the while muttering "no, no, no, YES, no, no, no. . ." The more music I get exposed to, the more I need to hear to find anything original. It's a vicious circle. The potential for burn-out is very high; and sometimes whole weeks will go by when nothing jars me out of my musical ennui (sexually repressed boredom).

This brings us to *City Slab Horror*—the second

album to be released on Ink Records by Australia's Severed Heads. The group is essentially Tom Ellard, who produces most of the sounds via tapes, synths, and what have you. NME (London) gave the first album, *Since the Accident,* a mildly good review but left the impression that more could have been expected. I still wonder how. "Since the Accident" had a great deal of impact on me and still does a year later for anyone who has not yet heard it. Certain cuts made it as rarities or curiousities onto commercial airwaves; but generally Ellard's approach was one of "anti-music" as opposed to your run-of-the-mill electro-dance bands. If that's what made NME have reservations about the first album (they tend to label everything they don't understand as "pretentious"), *City Slab Horror* will get a better reception. It doesn't have the same punch, but somehow I didn't expect it. Considering the many musical avenues he could have taken, I remain eternally grateful to Mr. Ellard for not bringing out yet another 100% dance-oriented machine-music album, of which there is aldready a boringly high proliferation. "Good-bye Tonsils" (side B, cut 4) was released as a single, and other cuts could easily do as well. The whole album is more rhythmically organized and in that sense it's more accessible; but there are still enough unusual sounds and gadgetry to keep all but the most snobbish happy. So too, the negative aspect which also appealed so much is still there, as are the slightly inebriated and lurching quality to the rhythms themselves—it's just all been more refined. It's not an outrageous album—just a damn good one; and ultimately it would be unfair to expect more—especially in the face of so much less.

—Larry Thiessen

Go Four 3

EP
Zulu Records

Go Four 3 strike me as the overlooked, quiet middle child of the Zulu lable. The band lacks the humour of the Enigmas, the chaotic energy of Slow and the live punch of both. By comparison to their label mates, Go Four 3 seem like earnest, well-intentioned folk who just want to make a pop record.

Pop, unfortunately, is not in vogue these days. The admission of powerlessness, the resigned frustration of pop pale in comparison to the defiance and bravado of rock and hardcore, the supposed sophistication of more "progressive" "New Music," and the hip-bending physicality of black and white dance music. Pop, in the classic sense of the word, cannot even hold sway in the arena of *pop*ular music. It seems like everyone on AM radio these days has a $60 haircut, $200 shoes, and a wardrobe that cost at least as much as their synthesizer.

The tragedy at the bottom of all this is that bands like Go Four 3 (and the Fastbacks, and the Dbs, and, in the past, the Buzzcocks, the Pointed Sticks, and the early Modernettes), bands that would make AM a joy to listen to, are shunted off into the underground to languish in cult popularity.

Go Four 3's music is classic rough-edged pop. Melodic (so you can hum along), beat-steady (so you can dance) and dealing with all the shop-worn subjects of pop: lost love, abandonment, frustration at a world you are powerless to change (so that you can feel for the singer). If this sounds formulaic, it's because pop is by its nature, by its simple structure, formulaic; inventiveness is not the point, emotion is.

On this count Go Four 3 succeeded admirably. Roxanne Heichert's voice overcomes its limited range with an emotional nakedness that is affecting without sounding affected. Steve Quinn and Gord Badanic pile up the hooks fast enough to keep the songs moving along. Lyrically the band mines those motherlodes of pop: lost innocence ("Look Away"), lost love ("Death of Love," "In My Dreams") and powerlessness ("Just Another Day," "Waiting for a Train"). It's an approach that's been taken a million times before, and it runs the risk of lapsing into cliche, but Go Four 3 do it with an honest heartfelt style that overcomes the pitfalls of formula pop.

This EP isn't going to change the way you look at pop music. It won't change the way you look

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at politics, sex, death, or the way you eat your breakfast. It is, however, a record with heart, and a solid debut from a promising band.

—CD

Killing Joke

Night Time
EG (UK)

Oh no. Another Killing Joke record. You'd think that they'd given up by now. Nice new haircuts on the cover. Jaz is blurry though, so at least we don't have to look at his face. . .

Um. Okay, I'll admit my expectations weren't very high when this record came out. The first thing that popped in my head when I saw it was, here's another tedious and tiring treadmillian effort. But when I heard it, I was so surprised, I threw up. No, no, seriously though—*Night Time* is unexpectedly melodic and uncacophonic. Jaz's vocal lines are quite nice. The bass throbs wonderfully, and is often upbeat and funky stuff. "Tabazan," which opens the second side, has a great beginning and amusing lyrics. The side ends with the exciting enough "Eighties," which is rich with rousing rhythmic chanting. In between these lies "Multitudes," the words of which are honestly written. The same, I think, cannot be said of "Europe."

A black sun is rising as the
Gods of Europe sleep/
Come back into your strength awaken/
Catastrophies atrocities
shall summon you my love. . .

When Killing Joke were in town a few years ago, they said in an interview that they thought the earth was going to swallow up mankind as soon as we were bad enough. Claiming to be unable to be understood by rational thought, they told of this and various other vacuousnesses. The un-understandable band—with correspondingly understandable music. Recently, however, the band has admitted that much of what had been said in the past was crap. They never really believed it. This, I think was reflected musically in their last few albums. These seemed too dense (but were in fact too shallow) to warrant approach. This is not true of *Night Time,* which is clean and definitely worth a listen.

So, having not broken any records for record sales, I think the band is trying for a more accessible sound and that this has been musically beneficial. By dropping most of their facade, Killing Joke has found some expressiveness. And, although I don't believe *Night Times* is due out domestically, they may even sell a few records.

—Don Chow

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Welcome to the CITR Frisbee File.

SHEENA EASTON - Swear

Sheena's transformation from virgin to vamp is one of the most amusing episodes in image-manipulation in recent years. Not as funny as Toni Tenille's attempt to transform herself into a sex symbol (actually that was more pathetic than funny) but close. The tiny perfect Scot glared out from the cover of this single, her cheekbones reinforced by a ¼" of rouge. Inside, she threatens grevious bodily harm unless her beau guarantees his fidelity on a stack of "Morning Train" singles.

Ten long years from now she'll look back and laugh at this. You don't have to wait that long.

THE BOOM TOWN RATS - Rain

The Rat's Bob Geldof was, of course, the man behind Band Aid, the first of innumerable aid for Africa singles. You'd think that he would have the sense to coast on the good graces of that project. But no, he had to put out this single. If there is a touch of irony in the title, there certainly isn't in the song, which is a dull pedestrian effort. Another step on the long road to oblivion.

DURAN DURAN - A View to a Kill

Bond producer Cubby Brocolli has always had an eye to the pop charts when commissioning the themes to 007 flicks. I suppose you have to compensate for Roger Moore in any way you can. Broccoli may well have struck gold again in Duran Ditto. Simon Le Bon & Co. have the wonderful ability to sing about anything, and still sound as if they're singing about nothing. This one will be a hit, but nobody will know why.

LUBA - Secrets and Sin

1. God bless picture sleeves. This one reveals Luba as a woman who dolls herself in trendy designer clothes, and tops off the look with what appears to be a pair of Keds.

2. Shoes aside, Luba has a deep walloping voice, best suited to anthems. Unfortunately, this song doesn't fill the bill. Luba bellows admirably, but the song is too grey to move anything other than hot air.

3. God bless picture sleeves again. The shot of Luba on the cover of this single shows her in mid-sneeze. I wonder why it didn't turn up on the record?

NIGHTRANGER - Sentimental Street

These guys do a credible Foreigner imitation. Why would anyone want to do that? You may well ask.

Not nearly as funny-stupid as their last opus "Sister Christian."

—CD

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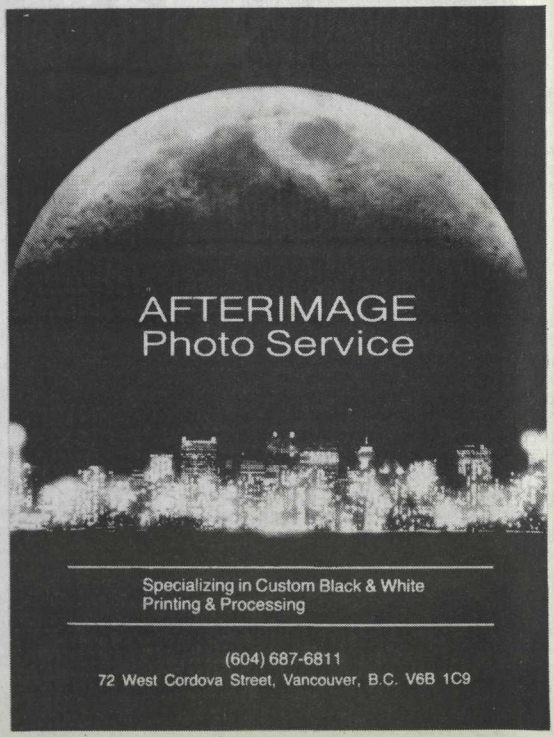

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CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

	ARTIST	TITLE	LABLE
1	POISONED	Poisoned EP	EAST RAY
2	GUADALCANAL DIARY	Walking in the Shadow...	DB (US)
3	JEFFREY LEE PIERCE	Wildweed	STATIK (UK)
4	SEVERED HEADS	City Slab Horror	INK (UK)
5	GO FOUR 3	Go Four 3 EP	ZULU
6	ENIGMAS	Strangely Wild	ZULU
7	DUKES OF STRATOSPHEAR	25 O'Clock	VIRGIN
8	FRONT 242	No Comment	AN.SIDE (BLG)
9	SONIC YOUTH	Bad Moon Rising	HOMESTED (US)
10	GAME THEORY	Real Night Time	ENIGMA (US)
11	YELLO	Stella	WEA
12	LIME SPIDERS	Slave Girl	HYBRID (UK)
13	THE SOUND	Heads & Hearts	STATIK (UK)
14	DAMON EDGE	Alliance	NEW ROSE (FR)
15	WORKING WEEK	Working Nights	VIRGIN
16	HUSKER DU	New Day Rising	FRINGE
17	TUPELO CHAIN SEX	Spot the Difference	SELMA (US)
18	THE ASSOCIATES	Perhaps	WEA
19	SISTERS OF MERCY	First & Last & Always	MERCIFUL (UK)
20	KILLING JOKE	Night Time	UG (UK)

CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	CHRIS HOUSTON	Surfin'	**DEMO**
2	THE DAMNED	Grimly Fiendish	MCA (UK)
3	EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN	Yu-Gung	SOB (UK)
4	BRILLIANT ORANGE	Happy Man	**DEMO**
5	THE SMITHS	Shakespeare's Sister	ROT (UK)
6	SALEM 66	Across the Sea	HOMESTEAD (US)
7	LES CALAMITES	Pas La Peine	NEW ROSE (FR)
8	FIVE YEAR PLAN	At the Beach	**DEMO**
9	OMNISQUID	Journey in the East	**DEMO**
10	LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS	Glory	POLYDOR (BRD)
11	NG3	Better Off Dead	**DEMO**
12	JESUS & MARY CHAIN	Never Understand	CREATION (UK)
13	RHYTHM MISSION	Life's Level	**DEMO**
14	EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	When All's Well	WEA (UK)
15	I BRAINEATER	Wrong World	**DEMO**
16	THE TRIFFIDS	Bright Lights Big City	CARTEL
17	CHARTWELL INC.	The Old Man They Found...	**DEMO**
18	FOETUS ART TERRORISM	Calamity Crush	SOB (UK)
19	THE FLUNKEES	Let's Dance On	**DEMO**
20	STAN RIDGWAY	The Big Heat	ILLEGAL (UK)

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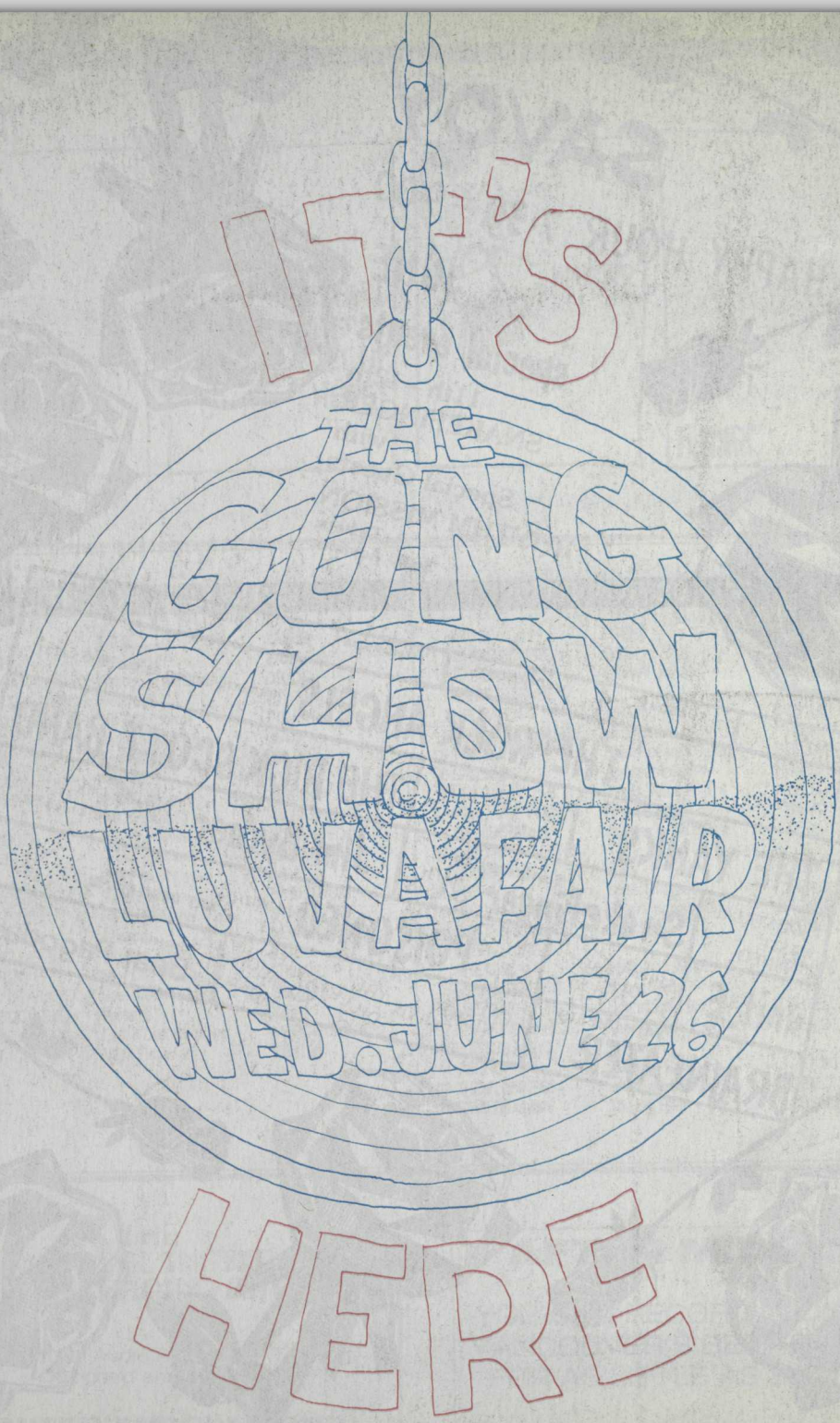
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